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A LITERARY NEWSPAPER

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EDITORIAL

THE first and most obvious disadvantage of being educated is that one is exposed at an early and defenseless age to the strange ministrations of educators. An educator is a person who calmly undertakes to teach subjects, whether they be interesting or not, to people who may or may not be interested in them. The results are universally with us in the shape of what is known—with unintentional irony—as "popular" education. Those who have submitted to the workings of that system can testify to its "popularity" with its victims. The unwilling child reluctantly going to school represents a natural, healthy and profound reaction against education, a thing which human nature abhors as instinctively as nature abhors a vacuum—and for the same reason.

One has merely to think of the assumptions and the methods upon which our educational systems rest to realize that no real advantage can derive from them, and that the disadvantage of their wholesale application far outweighs any possible benefit in rare and isolated cases. The unusual individual has always emerged without, or despite, whatever educational facilities the authorities of the time thought fit to offer. The very expression, "educational facilities," typifies the state of mind of those who believe in education, as if it could ever be made easy. To educate one's self is an arduous and painful process, which cannot be and never has been facilitated by pedagogical twilight sleep.

If the greatest happiness of the greatest number is, as it seems to be, the aim of society today, then education must be eliminated and its substitute provided. Happiness and culture are rarely synonymous. The village idiot is probably a happier man than Beethoven or Leonardo da Vinci, but organized ignorance is never sublime. Its dupes imagine that they are undergoing the experience of education, while the educated see in them the deadliest opponents of true enlightenment. Education was never intended for mass consumption and it has been, accordingly, adulterated until it meets modern requirements, hence the bliss of the semi-ignorant in a world specially designed for them. The folly of being educated when living in such a world is self-evident; it is an unnecessary burden; in fact, a definite handicap. Fortunately, the risk of becoming educated is lessened with the passage of time. Instruction and education are growing rapidly indistinguishable, as we plunge more deeply into the morass of the scientific age.

The educated man is now an interloper whose domination has been ruined by the simple process of multiplying his number until his class has been multiplied out of existence. Thus the world has been admirably prepared for the era into which we have now entered. It is an era in which aviation is applauded while we know that its one tangible contribution will be to make possible unimaginable horrors in the next war; in which books are known by the label, and not by the mere work their authors have put into them; in which the superstitions of science are our only alternative to the superstitions of theology; in which the nemesis of the mechanical age is already pronounced in the fact that no wonder is left to us, for the greatest mechanical triumphs become more commonplace the day after they are achieved than a line from Greek Anthology after the lapse of centuries.

GENTLEMANLY ENGLISH MEN—AND AMERICANS

by EVELYN SCOTT

ENGLAND may have been, or still may be, "a nation of shopkeepers," but it is not the English shopkeeper, any more than it is the English laborer on farm or in factory, who has designed the culture which continues to prevail in articulate circles. A Labor Government temporarily in power, a Ramsay MacDonald as Prime Minister, are accidents which do not modify or noticeably affect the cultural allegiance to aristocratic standards. Were it given to Englishmen generally to speak loudly in whatever language of obtuseness the individual prefers, the resultant clamor would, in all probability, yield as much that is naïve or absurd as the collection of drolleries called "Americana." But the English people who would deny Darwin a hearing and see hell ahead for the cigarette smoker are given little opportunity for a dissemination of their views. And the doctrinaire radicals, though they can raise their voices on the wet winds of Hyde Park and may release some pent feelings in vituperation of the ruling class, so frequently, on principle, despise the arts, that they must disdain expression through the medium of æsthetes.

The Englishman who is culturally articulate is, then, a gentleman, or he is nobody. The nobody who nurses a rebellious spirit may emigrate to one of the colonies and there, at a distance, thinly veiling his envy, proclaim his hatred of unattainable gentlemanliness, but only rarely has he a cultural substitute to offer for it. If he has not been moulded under a Public School influence, he has, just the same, been cowed by the traditions there established, and seldom really succeeds in getting to the bottom of his resentments, any more than do the numerous politely protestant young men, themselves "old boys" of such institutions, who have lately risen to tell us that all is not as it should be with Public School education.

The truth is that not only are wars won on the playing fields of Eton and Harrow, but that English æstheticism also is, even when its origin is disguised, very largely a Public School product.

Many of England's great (including her greatest Shakespeare) have not been gentlemen. In the days when aristocrats were, themselves, untrammeled individualists, they, doubtless, as patrons of art, were far less insistent than are the present representatives of the ruling class that the creative vocabulary be kept within the limits of innocuous speech. Aristocratic tradition in most countries is, still, savage as well as sophisticate. But the well-bred Englishman of today is an anomalous type in that, having been reared to the arrogance of the privileged, he is, as well, one of the most civilized beings who ever existed; which is to say that, before he is himself, he is one of a society. The society, it happens, is not very catholic, for on the playing fields of Eton and Harrow were all of its components. The Public School man is no citizen of the world today, nor is he the subject of empire. When you define him as insular, you cannot say the island which is his own is England. It is even smaller: the England of those who share his precise cultural background. This man, as a youth, was, first, a member of his cricket eleven, one of his hockey team, a three-quarters on his rugger fifteen; and only afterward, as with apologies, himself.

The suppression of overt individualism, such as flourishes in America, cannot eradicate personalities or contradict the existence of highly personal emotions and motives; but it does curb their outpouring in speech and restrain the evidence of them in action. To the gentlemanly Englishman self-effacement, as a social habit, is second nature; and the exhibition, to others, of a personal side remains an agony to him even when he would, in theory, encourage it.

Where emotions prevail which have not found outlet, or elude expression through the accepted vernacular, a mood of mysticism results. Every English gentleman is, on the theme of himself and his affections, a mystic. There gathers, in his mind, about his laconic speech, an aura of significances emoted from the unstated and, for him, unstatable. And he whose inherited code encourages only extrovert pursuits and impersonal excellences, is, as regards his private experience, the most introverted being alive, so that even the slightest conversation which tends to reveal him is felt by him as a touch on a sore. Very likely, he will heartily detest the stranger responsible for his discomfort. Frequently the stranger is an American, who, whether brave or merely stupidly aggressive, is perpetually preoccupied by his effort to establish his cultural position before the world, and cannot resist a challenge to a reticence so alien. American egocentricity encourages callousness. The typical American idealist has a young mentality and a Puritan descent. As a citizen of a country which, if no longer adolescent, is not yet mature, his logic is very often crude, and its conclusions are dogmatically proclaimed. As a Puritan, he is passionately convinced that God is with the destroyer.

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The Editors observe that, among the luxury taxes so liberally and onerously imposed, there is missing one on the two billion, five hundred million dollars of American church property.

COMMONPLACES

by BRANCH CABELL

Art, one remarks, with wholly honest regret, has been over-advertised. Its importance in human living seems always to have been naïvely exaggerated; and even today, whether in print or upon rostra or behind the desk of the pedagogue, do very many excellent people assume the axiom that it is "art" which affords to every properly cultured person his moments of supreme ecstasy.

The reflective hearer cannot but marvel at the creature who speaks in this fashion. It is quite as though (you might imagine) this prattling and grave blockhead had never known the great commonplaces of his life here as a thinking animal: had never clung to the soft and warm and bulging body of his mother for protection against his childhood's terror of darkness; had got no delight from the awkward kisses of first love; had possessed no maiden ruthlessly in the while that her young face, so close to his face, wore that fond look of agony and submissive gratitude; had never felt the hand of his own child cling uncertainly to his hand for the first time; and had not ever looked upon the aloof strange sleeping of any beloved dead. It is, for that matter, as though this prattler had never tasted food when he was actually hungry.

Otherwise, he would not speak thus zany-like as to those thin and feeble tinglings which "art" trickles costively into its patronizer's but half-engaged consciousness. He would not talk of these as being in any well-rounded human life an important element, nor as having to compete with the commonplace and sublime moments which I have but indicated from among so many other moments—those moments in which every man has felt (with a sudden kindling, with an unexplained exultance which finds his happiness or his fear or his sorrow alike splendid) that all his faculties are now engrossed, and that all his bodily and mental and spiritual being is in full use, and that all the volatile flame of his living is crowded now into one tiny point of incandescence, concentered, devouringly, intolerably.

The Editors are suffused with a great hope on learning that two tickets were sold for a lecture by Floyd Gibbons at the Milwaukee Auditorium, twenty-six for Lowell Thomas and thirty for Vicki Baum.

DEATH AT 5:45 P. M.

by THOMAS BEER

MR. ROBERT ORTH was born in 1908. He submitted to education in Paris, San Antonio, Switzerland and Poston until 1926, when he ran off to become a structural steel worker for two years. Then he studied painting and architecture in Spain, Russia and Germany, married and now lives in France. Mr. Orth periodically lectures me by mail. His latest letter was written at Tours on the third of November.

"Instead of getting more balance and accuracy the whole lousy lot of you," he says, "get sillier and splashier all the time. What does it mean for one ass to write, 'Bolshevism is a disgrace to the human intelligence' or for another fool to write, 'The Victorian age was an insult to the human spirit.' Now Hemingway has gone nutty and says that Oscar Wilde 'betrayed a generation'! This kind of baroque hokum is in every review or book you pick up. I like it when Hemingway solemnly states that baroque is dead, and then writes a baroque song and dance about art in 'Death In The Afternoon,' and makes five howlers in two pages. Well, he killed one admirer at quarter of six on Monday. That Wilde flourish is worse than his cheap stuff about Goya and St. Sebastian. How did Wilde betray a generation? Generation of what? Bellhops? *Hommes du chœur?* Bosh on toast! . . . Take the Dos Passos' '1919.' Here is another good book gummed up by mere carelessness. Dos Passos could not even bother to check up his French. There is no such word as *salo*. There is no such wine as Montracher. He means *salaud* and Montrachet. There is no such word as *coronele* in Wop. He says that Jay Cooke was ruined in a panic of 1875. Cooke was ruined in 1873. . . . He makes young Savage, the best character in the book, quote Oswald Spengler's drool about Americans and Roman busts to the girl in Italy when the *Untergang* was unknown outside Germany. [*Rather wide, Mr. Orth! Spengler was mentioned in French newspapers ten days after the publication of the first part of 'The Decline of the West.'*] All you people do this kind of thing. . . . But I never expected to see Hemingway make such an ass of himself as he does on pages 204 and 205 of his book. It really hurt me."

The Old Lady: The kid seems to be all upset.

Madame, to be angry with one's hero at twenty-four is a kind of death. Some hasty writing has

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SIXTEEN YEARS

by TOM MOONEY

THE cell I occupy is seven feet wide, eight feet long and about seven feet high, the ceiling oval. It looks like a covered wagon. The walls and ceiling are of stone, and the heavy iron door has a small slit in the upper part, through which I can see the opposite tier of cells and a patch of sky.

In the cell is a small iron cot-bed with a flat spring, with a straw mattress about four inches in thickness when it is new; when it is old, it packs down to about two inches. We are supplied with new mattresses once every six months, but if we can prove we have bed-bugs, we get a new mattress immediately. Personally, I have not been much annoyed by bed-bugs, but some of the prisoners in my tier often complain that their cells contain bed-bugs and roaches.

In place of sheets, I have one thin, gray, cotton half-blanket which covers the mattress. For covers, there are two gray, shoddy army blankets. My pillow is filled with straw and covered with a rough flour sack. When the pillow is new, it is very stiff, and I cannot use it until I age it by sitting on it during my spare hours. This flattens it, but after a little use the straw breaks and powders. The pillow then becomes very flat and is not of much comfort to my head. Therefore I seldom sleep on a pillow, but keep it under my cot, or sit on it as I work or read. There is also a small, green-painted wooden table which fits in between the wall and the cot-bed. To sit on during my spare hours, I have a small, round, four-legged wooden stool, about two feet high.

Along the wall opposite my bed, I have strung a thin rope, one end of which is hooked up to two wooden shelves above the iron door, the other end being nailed into the back wall. On this rope I hang my socks, underwear, handerchiefs, etc., which I wash between the regular weekly laundry allotment.

On the two wooden shelves above the iron door, I keep my books, newspapers, writing material, typewriter and commissaries, (*i.e.*, small necessities and luxuries which prisoners are permitted to purchase.)

There is no plumbing in my cell. For toilet necessities, I have a covered tin pail, painted green, and for washing purposes a tin water pail, unpainted, and a small round pot. These stand on a second wooden stool. The water supplied is for drinking and toilet purposes; for a drinking glass, I use a former jam jar.

There is no heating system in the old prison. The ventilating system consists of a blower, the pipes of which run in a space back of each cell. By an electric motor located on the roof, air is driven in through a hole at the back of each cell. In the Winter, it is so cold that I have to put on my top clothes and even a blanket when I read or write. In Summer, the ventilation works fairly well when the motor is in good order. Air is constantly circulated, and the temperature averages about seventy-five or eighty degrees. When the motor breaks down, there is no ventilation, and the air in the cells rapidly becomes foul. Another disadvantage of this ventilation system is that the air rushes in, producing a great deal of noise. This is so annoying that I often block the hole with newspapers or rags. Naturally, the air soon becomes stale, and I am forced to remove the plug. Occasionally, the strength of the ventilation shoots out the plug. This happens when a great many cell-holes in my tier are plugged. The air thus frustrated gains enough force to drive out the weaker plugs.

On the walls of my cell hang framed pictures of my mother, brother and sister.

On the shelves above the iron door, I have between fifty and sixty books and magazines. These are selections from a large number of books that are sent me by friendly publishers, who probably desire to help me pass my leisure pleasantly. However, any book bearing a revolutionary title, or containing material that is of a reconstructive character, is likely to be retained by the turnkey's office, and only such volumes as are suited to the American ideal of "as is" are allowed to reach me. Nevertheless, among those I receive, I find some good books.

No sunlight penetrates to this cell, which is completely dark all the time. Therefore, day and night, I use the one 40-watt electric light suspended in the centre of the cell. Out of the twenty-four hours of every weekday, I am compelled to spend nearly ten hours (from 6 P.M. to 3:45 A.M.) alone in this cell, without visitors of any kind. On Sundays, I am locked up an hour earlier. The bulk of the prisoners are locked up at 4 P.M. daily.

II.

As to my daily routine, I am on the late lock-up, which means that my routine is different from that of the bulk of the prisoners. Because of the nature of my work—peeling vegetables in the Officers and Guards Mess—my presence is required in the mess hall at 4 A.M. every day. From then on, I work two or three hours in the early morning, and then, intermittently through the day, possibly three hours more in half-hour or hour periods.

I am awakened at 3:45 A. M. every day, at the moment the three convict-trusties, who are in charge of locking and unlocking the iron doors, open my cell door. It is then very cold in my cell, both in Summer and Winter. This is a feature of the California climate. I dress quickly in my white duck pants, wash, comb my hair, put on my white shirt and white coat, that is, the regulation uniform of the convict-workers in the Officers and Guards Mess. Then, taking along my toilet pail, I step outside the cell where I find a line of prisoners on the same lock-up as I. With them, I proceed down one flight of stairs to the small court which irregularly surrounds the old prison and, at the toilet dump at the back, or north side, I dump my toilet pail, wash it in a tub of water provided for that purpose, and then retrace my steps to the west end of my cell block where, from a large container of chlorinated lime situated there, I put a spoonful of lime in my toilet pail, ascend the stairs and deposit the pail in my cell.

After this, I again go down to the court, and enter the front or south portion. After passing through an iron gate into what is known as the "Garden Beautiful," (a sign over the gate calls it that), I walk along a lane until I reach the main gate, which really consists of two gates separated by a small space, the second of which gives out onto the prison reservation. At the inner gate, I show my pass to the trusty on guard there. He admits me, signals to the guard at the outer gate, who, as I reach him, examines my pass and lets me out. Outside, I turn the first corner at my right and, passing through the kitchen of the Officers and Guards Mess, I enter the small room where I work. This room has no windows. In the farther right hand corner is an enclosed space, a closet or booth, containing a shower bath for the use of the twenty-eight convicts who work in the Officers and Guards Mess. At this shower, and because they work in the Officers and Guards Mess—not otherwise or elsewhere—they are required to take frequent baths during the week. I take a shower every day.

However, as soon as I enter this room, I remove my coat and put on a white apron, usually soiled. I may not have a clean one every day, and the work is messy. Then I step outside to the side of the building where are piled sacks and baskets of vegetables—mainly potatoes, onions, carrots, turnips, etc. Of these I carry two or three sacks of potatoes, a basket of carrots and a basket or two of onions, or whatever quantity I am informed by the convict cook I am required to peel that day, into the peeling room. The average is about one hundred and fifty pounds of potatoes, about twenty-five pounds of onions, and the same quantity of carrots.

After working until six or seven o'clock, I step into the kitchen where I have breakfast and where, later, my other meals are also taken. Since I have almost completely recovered from my stomach trouble, I can eat heartily, and I have meals similar to those served the guards. In quality, my food is about the same as one would obtain in a first-class restaurant.

The work or peeling room I have just described is a very poor place in which to work, especially after spending ten hours in a dark cell. As I have said, there are no windows, and an electric light must be used all the time. The walls of this room are painted dark green, a drab and reducing color to me, and the only opening is a screened door which leads to the narrow passage to the kitchen. But worse than this is the fact that my prison mates in the Officers and Guards Mess take their shower baths at various hours during the day. And since the booth holds only one person, the bathing is almost continuous. And, because of this, the steam from the shower often fills the space where I work. Not only is the air humid from the steam, but it is also foul from the odor of soiled bodies and clothes of the bathers. This condition lasts throughout all my hours of work.

When the weather is very good, however, I sometimes take my work outside. But this is seldom possible, since (especially in the morning,) the weather in San Quentin is often foggy, chilly and rainy. When I do work outside, though, I can see the bay, the ferry boats that ply between San Francisco and San Rafael and, in very clear weather, the outlines of San Francisco and Oakland. I enjoy this scene very much, and it constitutes one of the principal satisfactions of my present life.

When my work is ended, I take a shower bath and, three times a week, change my clothes, clean trousers daily, and a fresh coat once a week, since the officers demand clean servants about them, and this required cleanliness constitutes another attractive feature of my life here.

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THE WORST BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE DIARY OF A SEDUCER
By Sören Kierkegaard.
5⅛ x 7½. pp. 173. $1.50
The Dragon Press.

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SIXTEEN YEARS

(*Continued from Page 1, Col. 2*)

III.

I then return to the prison gate leading into the "Garden Beautiful" and again from that pass through the gate into that same yard where the old prison is located. Through a small opening in the south wall of that, I enter the main or loafing yard, as I call it, which is entirely different from the "Garden Beautiful" and from the lesser yard where the cell blocks, in one of which I am confined, are located. This pleasure or exercise field is about one thousand feet long, by about five hundred feet wide, faced with stone walls, the ground completely cemented. One half of this yard is open to the sky. The other half is covered by a tin roof, resting on steel posts. This roof was built about three years ago to protect prisoners from the rain and sun. Along the walls of both the covered and open portions, benches have been built and, in the open space, there is a low baseball grandstand which seats about three hundred. When the weather is favorable, I generally walk to and fro across this yard for exercise. Ordinarily, I am accompanied by one or two of the other labor prisoners whom I have known for a long time.

After walking for about an hour, I go back to the "Garden Beautiful" and enter the turnkey's office on the second floor of a building known as the "Porch," on the first floor of which are located the offices of the captain and the lieutenant of the yard. At the turnkey's office, I may buy postage stamps, sign for any parcel post matter or registered letters that may be there for me, also for any money I receive, which same is then credited to my account, never given to me or any prisoner. I should say, though, that all first class mail is delivered to my cell, but if there are books or packages which I am permitted to receive, I take them away with me from the turnkey's office. Fortunately, this is quite often, as my friends on the outside do much to relieve the difficulties of my present life.

From then on, if I choose, I can stay in the main yard or go to the library to withdraw or return books, but personally I choose to return to my cell, because there I can be alone and read while the iron door of my cell is still open. Furthermore, I can walk up and down the small yard that surrounds my cell block until 6 P.M. when, being on the late lock-up, I am enclosed in my cell.

Then, if I choose, I can make myself a snack of such edible commissaries as I am permitted to buy. These, if you wish to know, are purchased by prisoners in the following fashion. On the twentieth of each month, and only then, printed slips are issued which list such articles as sausage, cheese, jam, candy, "makings" for cigarettes, matches, stationery, toothpaste, soap, safety razor blades, etc. The prices are about the same as outside, possibly a little lower. Articles wanted by prisoners are marked off by them on the printed list, which list they then sign, name and number, and place in a mail box hanging on the outside wall. Around the first of the month following this, the prisoners are notified that they may call for their commissaries, and, during the first two or three days of each month, long lines of prisoners are to be seen standing in front of the Commissary Department awaiting their supplies. It is a serious infraction of prison rules, I should say here, to hand in an order without having money in the turnkey's office. Personally, I have always had money wherewith to pay for such commissaries as I desired.

In my cell, in my idle time, I read the current newspapers and periodicals (with the exception of the California papers, which are forbidden), of which daily I receive about a dozen. Among these are the New York *Times*, the Portland *Oregonian*, the Baltimore *Sun*, *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, and others, to which I subscribe.

Also, I receive, from various parts of the country and the world a great many letters concerning my case. To these, within the limited possibilities of one letter a day, I attempt to typewrite replies.

When I am tired, usually around 8 or 9 P.M., I lie down on the cot-bed and (sometimes, not always) read. I do not smoke; therefore, I have not that solace. I may read as long as I wish, because my light may be lit indefinitely. This privilege is accorded to the late lock-up, whereas the bulk of the prisoners have their lights turned out at 9.30.

In regard to my life in general, I would like to say that, like every prisoner, I am subject to moods, although perhaps not to the extent that affects the others. Because of the conditions surrounding my case, I am kept very busy. However, my general strength is very good, and, fortunately, my eyesight is all right.

IV.

The general attitude of the prison officials toward me keeps me constantly on guard. Of course, prison life is prison life, and it has phases which are absent on the outside. One has to be very careful with whom one associates. I have many enemies in prison, as well as a number of friends. Because of the national as well as international publicity which has attended me, my movements are perhaps more closely scrutinized by the prison administration than those of any other prisoner. However, I abide by every rule and regulation that is imposed on prisoners. Just the same, I have to be very careful lest artificial causes are made to bring me into collision with the authorities. Many prisoners talk to me about their cases and because of my prominence and connections on the outside, a number of them have an exaggerated idea that I can help them and approach me in this conviction. And I only wish it were possible for me to help. Since I cannot, it often becomes an effort for me to convince prisoners that I am as helpless as I really am. As you may guess, one has to be very careful, particularly about taking upon himself obligations which he cannot carry out. Sometimes, I am requested by prisoners to do things in violation of prison rules. In these cases, one can never know whether the request is sincere, or whether it has been arranged.

My feeling toward my fellow prisoners is one of compassion. In the sixteen years I have been in San Quentin, I have watched over twenty-one thousand prisoners come and go, each carrying a tremendous personal burden, quite all of them decrying the injustice of their imprisonment—the "bum rap" given them. The complaints of some are, in my estimate, fully justified, and I have come across some genuine tragedies—broken homes, broken lives, absolute despair.

One of the worst features of prison life, and one that weighs on me greatly, is the number of suicides which occur in San Quentin. These grow out of the despair into which all prisoners sink, the monotony of routine being so very trying. One method of suicide is the "ding dive." This is the term used to characterize a headlong leap from the outside walk of the highest tier of a cell row down to the shiny cement floor of the cell block below, upon which almost invariably the head is smashed or, if not that, the neck or body broken. It is always a shock that adds to the grief and pain of this unbelievably wearisome and trying existence. Another common method of suicide is diving from the prison factory windows into the alley. Other suicides throw themselves underneath the wheels of the heavy trucks which are used here. But these are the silent, miserable, climaxes of prison life, and get short notice, if any, in the newspapers.

Another depressing feature of prison life is the "topping," or execution, of a prisoner. Here, instead of the electric chair, is the gallows. During the week before an execution, the whole prison is filled with expectation, and while, because of the long periods of incarceration and personal troubles, you might not think it, an execution changes, and for the worse, the mood of the whole prison. For it is the end of hope for someone at least. And with the end of hope—well, what is life without it? Finis. Frustration.

And however great the precaution taken to keep this knowledge from prisoners, the news of an execution, once it has appeared in any newspaper, leaks through. This is one reason why California newspapers are forbidden here.

Another phase of the mood induced by this news of an approaching execution manifests itself in an unnatural bravado, noticeable in each and every prisoner, but underneath which is obvious a feeling of dread which accentuates the depression and despair of all. Executions are always scheduled for Fridays, at ten o'clock in the morning, except when that day happens to be a legal holiday. There have been a few executions on other days, but this is very rare. Sometimes as many as two and three men are executed on the same day. On these mornings, with the exception of the jute mill, which is really a punitive department, no work is done in any of the factories. Yet it would be better if one could work. It would keep one from thinking so much. But instead, after breakfast, the prisoners are herded into the main yard, and no one is allowed to enter or leave until after lunch, when the prisoners go to their work in the shops. At the exact death moment, when the herded prisoners know that the condemned man is walking up the thirteen steps to the noose where, as the clock strikes ten, he will step on the automatic trap-door, the chief topic of hushed conversation among them generally concerns the victim himself, and his crime.

V.

As to the prison life of these men condemned to death, their cells are located in the second tier of the first cell block of the old prison. Thus, throughout their last days, they have a view of the "Garden Beautiful," a favor which, it seems to me, involves more of irony than of charity. Here, however, they are locked up all day, with the exception of one and a half hours around noon, when they are permitted to exercise in a portion of the "Garden Beautiful," and I see them nearly every day as I return from work. Usually they are playing ball, and one would never suspect, to see them play, that the majority of them are shortly to die. During this period of waiting, they also have special food, and hair-cuts and shaves in a special barber booth at the extreme end of the yard. As to whether these courtesies help any or not, I can testify, since once, in connection with this charge against me, I was one of that group. They do not.

The condemned row is now in charge of my friend J. B. McNamara, or "J. B." as he is called, the labor union man who is now spending his twenty-first year in San Quentin, his sentence having grown out of the explosion in the Los Angeles *Times* Building in 1911.

J. B. is one of the finest characters at San Quentin, and has done more for me in a material and spiritual way than any person I have encountered since my incarceration. One of J. B.'s duties is to bring food to his wards three times a day. He is aided by another prisoner, and they are accompanied by a guard from the Officers and Guards Mess. The food is very good, and is specially prepared to fatten the condemned men—a very necessary feature for the process of "topping." The heavier a person, the easier it is to break his neck. J. B. generally speaks of his job as that of a "fattener." That my daily observation of those who are now there continues to hold an almost morbid significance for me, you can readily understand. I cannot forget that, except for President Wilson's commutation of my sentence to life imprisonment, I would have gone the way of the many who have since climbed the thirteen steps.

THE SMUTTY CENSORS

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THE operations of official censorship in the United States are currently providing lovers of the rich and juicy with some eminently appetizing and satisfactory humor. In those directions in which such censorship functions, we observe the paradoxical spectacle of an extreme lubricity and bawdiness. In the directions in which it doesn't function, we observe, on the other hand, a relative puritanical continence and decorum. I allude, in the first instance, to the talking pictures and, in the second, to the drama.

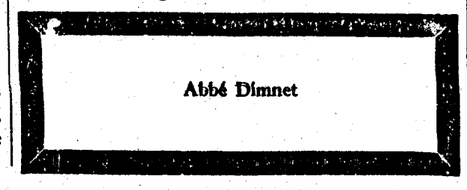
While it is true that in a few communities the drama is still subject to official municipal censorship and while it is true that about once in every half dozen years some single play may fall into the hands of censorship in some other city, it is pretty well recognized that never has the American dramatic stage by and large been so completely free from censorship as it is at the present time. And with what result? With the result that it is cleaner in every respect than it was when the censors were exercising a police eye over it. In only two new plays produced thus far this season, whether in New York or elsewhere, has there been any approximation to the smut that used to smear the stage in the days when censorship was more active. And both plays, "The Stork is Dead" and "The Great Magoo," were abrupt failures and were removed to the storehouse in short order.

But consider the talking pictures. These pictures, as is sufficiently known, are under the direct censorship control not only of the cities and states, but, internally, of the Hays offices in California and New York. Yet they have become smuttier and dirtier than the pictures ever were before, and smuttier and dirtier than the dramatic stage has ever dared to be. Things have got to such a point, indeed, that the trade journals often have to identify this or that picture as "safe for the family trade," lest neighborhood exhibitors unwittingly book samples of the other kind for their unsuspecting respectable customers.

In the last few years there have been thrown into the public market, with the various censorship bodies' concurrence, any number of pictures here and there so bawdy and indecent that they have brought a surprised gasp even to the slumming reporter seeking moral statistics. Lines and business that exceed the censored burlesque shows are a commonplace. Words that have never been spoken on the dramatic stage are equally a commonplace. And all apparently, as noted, despite—or perhaps because of—the censors. Beginning with the picture called "Sunny Side Up," which contained a scene that would have brought on the Black Maria at a gallop had it been shown in the theatre, proceeding to the picture made from the novel, "Brook Evans," in which Hollywood "symbolism" managed to get by the censors a phallic episode the like of which would have brought a thousand francs a peeper at a Paris peep-show, and coming to a triumphant head in countless pictures of more recent make, censor-approved pornography has turned the screen into the greatest merchant of salacity that the country has yet seen. In such pictures as "The Cockeyed World," "The Thirteenth Guest," "Tempest" and dozens upon dozens of others, the public has been treated to lines, allusions, bits of business and the picturization of the sex act (I commend "Tempest" as a lush illustration) that the censorless dramatic theatre would not think of risking.

The explanation is probably not so hard to get at as might be imagined. The censorship mind being, as is well known, a dirty mind, it sees dirt everywhere but where dirt often actually is. Looking out over the green meadows, it sees only the broad spread of manure and misses the pregnant and significant mulberry bush at the roadside corner. It accordingly censors the manure and metaphorically hangs a "welcome" sign on the bush. One of the leading movie censors of the Bible Belt, a Mrs. N. R. Wallace, thus recently, in a letter to the Association of Motion Picture Producers, indicated what she most condemned in the pictures. She objected to the word "hell," she stated, but she apparently knew nothing of a certain bold synonym for fornication in free and wide use in current films. She objected to women stripping, she emphasized, but said nothing of the looks or the antics of male characters during the procedure—one of the dirty movies' best bets. She objected to "sensuous dances" and to "too much drinking," but she apparently took no notice, in her innocence, of the figurative steamboat funnel and roman candle ejaculations that empty the pool-rooms and Y. M. C. A.'s when they are shown, to the delight of the hot sports of the town, on the unhindered screen.

This Madame Wallace is not an isolated sample of the genus smutsniffer. There are many like her, both male and female, who can't see the woods for the trees. The Hays offices—Will is a shrewd boy!—evidently are as hep to the fact as any critical outsider and, with a self-contented chuckle, are quietly, foxily and profitably letting nature take its course and the censors go on imagining that they are censoring the pictures when they are really doing nothing of the kind. And the more the pictures are getting that species of censorship, the sewerier they are becoming and the greater, accordingly, the chance that at least a few of them may remain out of the bankruptcy courts for just a little while longer.



Abbé Dimnet

EXIT FREUD

by LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D.

THE influence of Freudism is waning in literature as it long since waned in medicine. It is to the credit of the hard-headedness of my professional colleagues that Freud has had little influence on American medicine. He affected art more than he did therapeutics. And quite naturally. The doctrine is much too engaging when first it breaks upon the mind. Artists with their quick responsiveness, welcoming ideas just because they are ideas, without stopping to apply any of the critical evaluation which science demands, did and should answer like stringed lutes to these facile explanations in which all life seems suddenly to be focused and made clear.

There are few medical men who cannot sympathize with the artists. To them, also, at first glance the Freudian view seemed all compact of truth and power. Myself most of all, as I know to my discomfort, because I have been revising for a new edition the only book I ever published which was intended for the medical profession alone. And there I find whole pages of words which I must swallow—pages of intricate explanation and slavish admiration for the Id and the Œdipus.

It has been a serious malady for us physicians, but it has been death for the artists. The fiction of dear dead Lawrence (with such hair, too!) and the pseudo-scientific, pseudo-psychological, pseudo-sentimental plays of boys like Philip Barry must make the less rapturous realize that life is not to be squeezed into quite such rigid compartments, or interpreted by quite such inflexible measuring rods.

Indeed, the public has fared little better than the artists. What about that period when thick tomes of fiction came tumbling over each other from the presses, each revealing, with no economy of space, the formative period of the writer's youth, so that we now have the record of the first sexual experience of our brightest literary luminaries, with tender reminiscences of their ideas of the anatomy of the external female genitalia! That *coitus interruptus period* of American literature left its mark on most gentle readers.

Physicians soon found after they tried it, whether or not they were in touch with modern drama or fiction, that psychoanalysis worked very badly in practise. It is a weapon too dangerous to be allowed indiscriminate use. In the hands of a choice spirit—doubtless, the founder himself—it may work well. But in the hands of the average medico who has decided to "take up" psychoanalysis (and that includes most of its practitioners) it is devastating. I have referred many patients to practitioners in this line and have seen many patients who have been through the treatment. I have never seen any patient aided by it. I have seen very few that were not made worse by it, and on a number the effect was complete shipwreck.

For the practitioners themselves it has hardly been less devastating. Their repeated draughts at the beguiling source of their learning has induced in all but the hardiest of them a drowsy trance-state, puzzling both to their patients and to their colleagues.

Most of them are persuaded, as an essential part of their training, to be psychoanalyzed themselves. The idea seems to be that when one stands before the fearsome spectacle of one's own soul—bared so that all its majesty and all its intricacy are revealed—the result will be such a reverence for the method that it will be plainly discernible in the demeanor of the novitiate and practically create a Brahmin caste. But I don't know. I recently interviewed one practitioner who had just completed such a period of ecstasy. For a year, he spent an hour a day talking about his life. Curiosity prompted me to inquire what he did with the other twenty-three hours and I gathered that he used them to think up things to tell the doctor the next day.

I remarked mildly that it seemed rather a long time to spend on arriving at a diagnosis, and that if we spent that much time making a diagnosis on every invalid it would be rather difficult to do anything else.

To which the initiate answered, "Why should a diagnosis be made at all? Isn't that an out-moded idea?"

This seemed final, so I pushed on and in the course of the conversation mentioned treatment.

"Treatment?" he inquired. "Why should there have to be treatment?"

Now, the modern world has done a good many things to my original Aristotelian conceptions of form. I have had to divorce myself from the notion that a poem should have rhyme or rhythm, that music should have harmony, that fiction should have plot, that a painting should represent some recognizable object, that a statue should have borders, that drapery enhances the beauty of most human figures. Dadaism, cubism, nudism and behaviorism have all had their wills with me. But I still cling to the idea that in handling an invalid it is desirable, if possible, to formulate a diagnosis and plan a treatment.

These pragmatic objections to the doctrine are simpler to state and more final than the dialectics of the subject. The Freudian brotherhood has developed a defense mechanism against unfavorable criticism quite as unanswerable as the Church of Rome's attitude toward attacks on the Bible, or the Mother Church's toward attacks on "Science and Health." It simply says that the critic is a prude, that the attack is a defense mechanism, and that he hasn't gone into the silence long enough to *understand*.

But even knowing that all this is true, more and more people are coming to wonder whether such a jealously guarded mystery is really worth while or just a little funny.

THE SYNDICATE RACKET

by H. H. McCLURE

THE business of newspaper syndication is that of securing the work of writers and artists and selling each feature to one newspaper in every possible city or town not conflicting in circulation with newspapers in other cities or towns. From the newspaper publisher's point of view it is a necessary evil since, until recently, he has not had sufficient cooperative spirit to combine with other publishers and make an attempt to control the market. From the syndicate manager's point of view it is a great business of securing or discovering talent and giving it a country-wide popularity. He believes that newspaper syndication is the father of Sunday newspapers and the popular magazines and that it has promoted huge circulations and national advertising. He is an opportunist, profiting from the failure of newspaper publishers to combine in the syndication of features as in the syndication of news.

Mr. Hearst comes nearest to having solved the problem. His five syndicates not only supply his twenty-seven newspapers with all the feature material they need, but they also sell these features to hundreds of newspapers throughout the country. The Scripps-Howard League is also almost self-sufficient on features with its ownership of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, the World Syndicate and United Features. The North American Newspaper Alliance, controlled by a group of newspapers and owning also The Associated Newspapers and the Bell Syndicate, is a less closely knit organization, but its purpose is similar. The New York *Herald-Tribune*, Chicago *Tribune*, Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and the Des Moines *Register* each has its own syndicate and sells its material wherever possible. There are, however, in the United States about 1,900 daily and 500 Sunday newspapers—the total daily circulation is about 39,000,000 and the total Sunday nearly 26,000,000, issued for about 30,000,000 families. All of these newspapers are potential buyers of syndicated material, hence the many independent syndicates now struggling to do business with them.

In former days the newspaper syndicate was often the path to fame and fortune for many writers. Kipling, Stevenson, Conan Doyle and many other celebrated English writers appeared practically first in this country through newspaper syndication and scores of now well-known American writers made their start in the same way. When the business was invented and started by S. S. McClure nearly fifty years ago there were few magazines and a very limited market for the new writer, but as the business developed it uncovered a rich new field for authorship, and many other syndicate operators started digging for treasure. The whole range of human knowledge was explored for new ideas and, before long, we had features covering every subject from the care of the baby to the most profound scientific discussions; we had fiction, long and short, sometimes good but generally bad; and we must not forget the color pages and so-called comic strips. Competition became cut-throat, features multiplied and the market became over-stocked.

Then "modern business" stepped in. It was discovered that famous names could be bought and cheap hacks hired to write under these names, and that a $25-a-week draughtsman could draw a comic strip for a man who was getting $100,000 a year for it. Thus a budget service may now include a lot of trash written by clerks and stenographers and a few features signed by well-known names whose owners, in many cases, never write or draw a line of the material issued. Shoddy brains turn out stuff "just as good," ghost writers and cheap artists do the work of headliners. Under these conditions and with an overloaded and declining market, why should the syndicates bother with new ideas or with new writers and artists?

Let us assume that a new writer with very unusual talent does appear. He offers samples of his work to a syndicate and is told that the market is overloaded, that other similar features are already established, etc., but that the syndicate is willing to gamble with him and offer his stuff to the papers on a 50-50 basis. (Note well this 50-50 basis idea.) The young author accepts and his work is sold, say to ten papers to begin with, at a gross total of $100 a week. If he is dealing with an honest syndicate, he gets $50 a week. If, however, he is dealing with a dishonest syndicate, for example, one we shall call the "horse-trader," he may net $20 a week, or, perhaps, nothing at all. The process of trimming the unsuspecting author is simple. He is charged the cost of advertising and promoting his feature, sometimes also a part of the salesmen's expenses. Then appears the subtle but filthy hand of the "horse-trader." The author is charged for engraving, matrices and composition or mimeographing, not at the cost to the "horsetrader," but at what such work

(*Continued on Page 4, Col. 3*)

REQUIRED READING

"It [*La Nouvelle Revue Française*] has always stood in contrast to the still-born *Mercure de France*."—Samuel Putnam in *The New York Sun*.

Required reading: Files of the *Mercure de France* from 1890 to 1914. Also: collected works of its contributors: Remy de Gourmont, Rachilde, Jules de Gaultier, André Gide, Henri de Régnier, Vielé Griffin, Stuart Merrill, Albert Samain, Jean de Tinan, Jean Moréas, Laurent Tailhade, Jules Renard, Léon Bloy, Paul Léautaud, Georges Duhamel, Paul Valéry, Pierre Louys, etc. etc. Also: any dictionary for definition of the word "still-born."

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COMPOSER AND ORCHESTRATOR

by DEEMS TAYLOR

EVERY once in a while someone is sure to ask, "And do you actually orchestrate all that music yourself, or do you hire somebody to take that work off your hands?" People ask it who would not dream of asking a painter if he actually colors his pictures by hand after he has drawn them.

There is this excuse for their asking it: The music that is most in evidence around us, that is, jazz and musical comedy, is almost invariably scored by someone other than its creator. I know of no contemporary popular composer who does all of his own orchestration. Most of them, as a matter of fact, could not write an orchestral score if they wanted to; some of them cannot write even a piano arrangement of the tunes that they whistle or pick out with one finger.

There is nothing essentially immoral in a composer's hiring a specialist to do his orchestration for him. It has always been done. Arthur Sullivan occasionally used assistants for rush jobs of scoring; so (although rarely) did Victor Herbert and Julian Edwards. Contemporary popular music is so delightfully monotonous in its forms and rhythms that the services of an expert arranger are almost essential to give it variety and interest. In former years the late Frank Sadler did the best of the musical comedy scoring. Most present-day musical shows owe their orchestral garb to the ingenious and resourceful Russell Bennett.

And why not? The writing of popular music is an industry, and its practitioners are in it for one good and honest reason: to make money. Most of them are as innocent of any artistic intentions—or pretensions—as plumbers, and so long as they can turn out a sound, saleable job it is nobody's business what labor-saving devices they choose to employ.

But if we are to discuss serious music, that is a different matter. For serious music (that is, a piece of music intended to be taken seriously as a work of art rather than a commercial job) is, like all forms of art, presumably conceived in terms of its *medium*. Just as a good architect thinks, not in terms of blueprints, but of wood and stone and steel and terra cotta, so a good composer thinks, not in terms of abstract music, but in those of instruments and voices.

It is doubtful whether, in the higher stages of art, matter and form can be separated. A Rembrandt etching has obviously been conceived in terms of line and black and white rather than in terms of paint, and it is not probable that Shakespeare wrote Hamlet's Soliloquy before deciding into whose mouth to put it. Most of Chopin is so completely music for the piano that it defies any attempts to translate it into orchestral terms. Wagner, on the other hand, thinks wholly orchestrally, and no piano arrangement has ever done justice to one of his scores.

Consider the flute part of Debussy's "Faun," the horn call in the finale of the Brahms First Symphony, the *cor anglais* solo in the third act prelude of "Tristan and Isolde." In every one of these instances you have music that was created in terms of the instrument that plays it, and that would not sound right if played by any other. Consider the counterpoint of Palestrina, meaningless unless it is *sung*, and the counterpoint of Bach's Chromatic Fugue, which must be played.

Obviously, therefore, a composer who cannot write his own orchestral score, or choral piece, or piano part, is incapable of really *thinking* music in the only terms in which it exists—those of sound; and if he cannot do that, he has no control over his medium, and is no artist. (Hence the unfairness of occasional allegations as to the incapacity of competent men from Sullivan to Gershwin.) A tune, or a theme—a musical idea, in short—is, like the plot of a story or play, only the raw material. Whether the finished product is trash or a masterpiece depends largely upon who develops the idea.

Craftsmanship is not the whole story, of course. A man might be a master of orchestration and still have nothing to say. On the other hand, not to know one's chosen business, to be too lazy or incompetent to master the technique of the art over which one pretends to mastery, is hardly a recommendation for respectful consideration. A real playwright does not hire gag-men to insert funny lines in his comedies; a real architect does not rely upon the contractors to tell him whether to build of masonry or wood. Art is a one-man job, and a composer who invades the field of Beethoven, Debussy, Brahms and Strauss so ill-equipped that he must call in another man to help him give expression to his ideas is either a hero or a fool. We may admire his courage or his impudence, but we would do well not to take him too seriously.

SERVANTS OF GOD
No. 4

By the Associated Press:

The District of Columbia Court of Appeals sustained a Federal Radio Commission ruling removing the Rev. Robert P. Shuler, Methodist minister of Los Angeles, from the air. Among other things, the Court said:

"Appellant attacked the bar association for its activities in recommending judges, charging it with ulterior and sinister purposes. With no more justification, he charged particular judges with sundry immoral acts. He made defamatory statements against the Board of Health. He charged that the Labor Temple in Los Angeles was a bootlegging and gambling joint. On one occasion he announced over the radio that he had certain damaging information against a prominent unnamed man which, unless a contribution (presumably to the church) of a hundred dollars was forthcoming, he would disclose. As a result he received contributions from several persons. . . ."

LITERARY TEA

by ERNEST BOYD

THE scene is a large room in the Murray Hill Hotel, where a number of eminent literati and literatæ have been invited to meet a DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN MAN OF LETTERS. At the end of the room is an enormous table upon which hundreds of small glasses are standing. On the right-hand side is a tea-table on which are set a few plates of cakes and sandwiches and a silver samovar, over which two elderly females preside. The D.F.M.O.L. is about sixty years of age and is standing, as the curtain rises, in a state of embarrassed expectation as his publishers present to him the fine flower of New York literary and intellectual society. His eyes eagerly search the crowd from time to time, while he distractedly listens to the remarks addressed to him. The characters in the order of their appearance are:

Carl Van Doren
Mark Van Doren
Irita Van Doren
Dorothy Van Doren
Glyndon G. Van Doren
Fifi Van Doren
George Oppenheimer
Bennett Cerf
Hendrik Willem Van Loon
Isabel Paterson
Burton Rascoe
Selma Robinson
Harry Hansen
Henry Seidel Canby
William Rose Benét
John Farrar
Helen Woodward
Ernest Boyd
W. E. Woodward
Harry Kemp
Floyd Dell
Elsie McCormick
Herschel Brickell
T. R. Smith
Louis Kronenberger
Clifton B. Fadiman
Gilbert Vivian Seldes
Colby Gilman
Harry Salpeter
Ben Ray Redman
John Erskine
Seward Collins
Herbert Gorman
Joseph Wood Krutch
Mary Austin
Etc. etc. etc.

First Group of Literati

What do you think of T. S. Eliot? . . . I've always felt that Count Keyserling is a more satisfying thinker than Spengler . . . Do you like our Sinclair Lewis? . . . Of course "Main Street" might have been written about any country . . . I want you to meet Mr. Gilbert Seldes . . . When I was studying literature out in Iowa . . . And won't you tell us what you think of Technocracy and the Empire State Building . . . Of course, you've read Eddington? He seems to me to be a more profound physicist than Einstein, brings you nearer to the mystery, the *religious* mystery of the universe . . . When you go to Chicago you must be sure to call on my sister-in-law . . .

(The D.F.M.O.L. bows and nods abstractedly)

Second Group of Literati

Hello, Burton . . . Hello, Harry . . . Say, Colby. Is it true Cabell is leaving McBride? . . . I hear that Jones has lost his job . . . I hear that Brown has had to take another cut in salary . . . Who was that girl I saw you with at Tony's last night? Why didn't you bring her here? . . . That was a swell piece you wrote in the *Tribune* last week . . . I think *The American Spectator* is lousy . . . It can't possibly last . . . Just a lot of grousing old men . . . Do you think you could run that thing of mine next Sunday? . . . I hope there isn't only going to be only tea at this fiesta. What do you think those little glasses are for? . . . Ever read anything by this bird? *(Nods in the direction of the D.F.M.O.L.)* God, no! . . . If there's nothing here, let's go 'round to the Bombay Bicycle Club . . .

(The D.F.M.O.L. bows and nods more and more abstractedly)

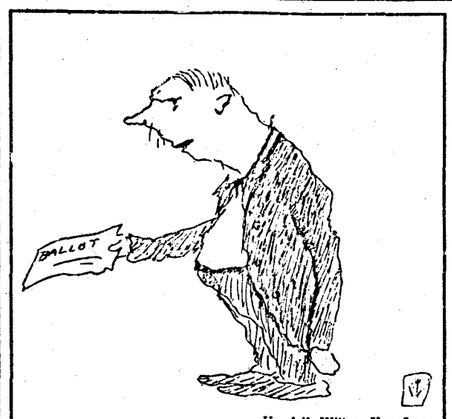
First Group of Literati

You must come to the Book and Play Luncheon . . . We want you on Friday for a little dinner at the National Arts Club . . . We have no funds, but we always get such interesting audiences. Our speakers always like our little group . . . As I always say, Bertrand Russell's theories are all very well, but . . . Once, when I was in London, Mr. Guedalla told me . . . Do you know an old colleague of mine from Columbia called Sauerkrantz? . . . For years I have been reviewing your books in the original. In fact, I supervised the translation . . . You will find that we are much more serious and cultured in this country than a certain school of American writers would have Europe believe. *(The D.F.M.O.L. looks wistfully at the table where a punch bowl has appeared, but submissively takes a cup of tea, which is graciously tendered to him by MARY AUSTIN)* In New Mexico . . . you must visit Taos . . . Mabel Dodge has a remarkable breadth of philosophy . . .

(The curtain is lowered to indicate the passage of two hours. At the rise the D.F.M.O.L. is discovered walking rapidly toward the SECOND GROUP OF LITERATI at the punch table. The eagerness of desperation is in his step.)

Distinguished Foreign Man of Letters.

Verzeihen Sie, meine Herren. Aber wo—*aber wo ist die Joan Bennett?*



—Hendrik Willem Van Loon

Democracy

GENTLEMANLY ENGLISHMEN—AND AMERICANS

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

The American is warm, positive, outgoing, full of didacticisms and democratic intolerances, which he rationalizes as indications of his liberality. The gentlemanly Englishman has been called cold, and cold it seems to me he is. He has none of the charm of one who wishes to be engaging. He would not wish to be more engaging were the American an Englishman, and not "his sort." For, at Eton, or Harrow, or Marlborough, or Winchester, the Englishman underwent completely the civilizing process, and yielded himself to the group selected by his educators. And what he has given he can never recover for bestowal elsewhere.

When the Englishman resorts to exclusiveness, it is not with the simple impulse of snobbery which prompts the American to brag of his father's millions and his Mayflower ancestors. Englishmen are inveterate snobs, but they take refuge in circles within circles, cliques in cliques, less to triumph in vanity over those excluded than to re-establish or maintain contact with persons who converse in a code language compounded of allusions to the shared experience of a common environment. In the club, in social interchange, among the æsthetes, the school spirit is kept alive; for, wherever two or three of a kind are gathered together it is, first of all, to play cricket, to keep up the team work of a common defense. Suppression of emotional expression has made emotional response sensitive and quick. The dread of beguilement, of self-exposure, has made oblique perceptivity ready and instantaneous.

The extent of the Englishman's intelligence could, almost, be measured by his fears; and it is the stupid and insensitive who fear nothing. The conduct of the great is a defiance of fear. In public behavior, Englishmen often plausibly appear as exceedingly reasonable and highly conscious beings, for they are disciplined and the historical resources of culture are theirs. But there is, in each one, an inevitable dependence on instinctive processes which have never been faced or forthrightly examined. The self-recognitions of the average cultured Englishman are so few and so inadequate that, for all his racial elderliness, he is less capable of a fundamental diagnosis of himself than is, even, an American.

In the meetings between Englishman and American, the American, always positive, advances; and the Englishman, socially assertive only in defense, retreats. The American, his heart filled with something which he, at least, takes for love, may offer, with his generosity, his obtuseness, to embrace, at once, all that the Englishman is. The delicate adjustments in English psychology have not been investigated by the American. He does not realize that his enthusiasm for life, for art, for reform, may blow heat on a plant they will wither. The very excessive vitality of the American makes him potentially a destroyer. While the Englishman, so much more negative in attitude, defends a life that is. The American, when he speaks, uses the broad terminology of reason and is convinced he speaks for humanity. The Englishman, when he is undisguised, speaks for his circle, or his class; and speaks in subtle, wholly opportunist ways.

English art, in general, expresses the delicate taste of sensitive men; but English abhorrence of self-revelation too often forces a preference for dealing with stale matter, and so diminishes the effectiveness of precisely felt implications. Before art come the amenities: a point of view as civilized, in its way, as the communist ideal in another. And, conversationally, all must be discussed lightly; and the art chit-chat resulting produces an atmosphere of tatting-and-bridge æstheticism, in which the interchanges of cultured people often suggest those of schoolboys who, lately arrived at an understanding of one another, exult in being "in the know," having at their command the school slang which will bewilder the uninitiated. In America, critic and reformer, if not exploiting a blind cultural urge, bludgeon the stranger with sincere harangues and, being young, they do not reverence life.

Which is best: to retreat cunningly, with gallantry, making certain of the precious thing you carry away; or to advance boldly, refusing to see?

Of the all rag paper edition of the first (November) issue of The American Spectator, 50 copies, autographed by the five Editors and the Publisher, may be obtained directly from the publisher at $25 a copy. No other copies of the rag paper edition of the first number are available.

POLITICO-LITERARY SOUVENIRS

by MARSHALL McNEIL

FOR all the literary values involved, the last Presidential campaign was a total loss.

It was not too much to expect at least some faint literary flavor out of the millions upon millions of words arranged into sentences and paragraphs and then into speeches, statements, newspaper articles and editorials, from June until early November. The mass of material was greater than ever before, perhaps because of a belief that when funds for buying votes are low speeches will attract supporters. From it, it was not unreasonable to suppose that there might come just one speech, or statement, or editorial worthy of inclusion in a high-school, or even a sixth-grade, textbook a few years hence. But there was none. One might have looked for a single new catch phrase that would linger after the votes were counted and the patronage pie cut; and one might have expected to find it. Nothing doing.

"Hold On To Hoover" is not calculated to take its place alongside "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," although the two-chickens-in-every-pot of four years ago and the abolition-of-poverty probably will live to a fairly respectable old age. Even in the political heat of a normally cool October "Hee, Haw, Here We Come" is not likely to bring a burst of cheers. And, as a matter of fact, it didn't. We of course had the "Forgotten Man," but that was a steal, and not a very apt one. Ten million persons forgotten by their former employers and the relative few fortunates with jobs couldn't get definitely excited by one anonymous individual taken out of a professor's book.

It is true that one candidate, the Democratic, spread some quotations from "Alice in Wonderland" in the newspapers through an early speech. He and his Republican opponent both spoke of God, and the Democrat hitched up the Four Horsemen to depict his idea of his adversary's record. But to class such speeches as literature simply because their authors have a passing memory of the New Testament and the works of Lewis Carroll would be hyperbole.

Mr. Hoover, unfortunately, began with his same old speech-writer, who made the documents of the first three years and more of his Administration ambiguous, sticky things that required reading twice, if at all. Deep in the campaign, he changed his writer, however, and there resulted a shortening and simplification of sentences that practically remade the quaking fighter into the "Fighting Quaker" that his supporters were so fond of talking about. Once or twice he almost forgot the niceties of his language and talked like a second-rate mining engineer. Mr. Roosevelt never came within miles of the deep sea diction with which he ought to be familiar. And both, after having gone through the campaign, are undoubtedly at length agreed upon one point if no other: A man is a liar, or he isn't; and that to endeavor to find polysyllabic synonyms for the simple two-syllable word is wholly unnecessary labor.

At San Francisco, Mr. Roosevelt discussed his theory of Government, but this lush subject was treated with lushlessness. Mr. Hoover at New York spoke of grass growing in the streets of a hundred towns and a thousand villages if he were not re-elected, but his exposition of Republican principles was hardly satisfying, either politically or æsthetically.

The best piece of pleading of the entire campaign was before the Democrats' Chicago convention. It was the prayer of Governor Ely of Massachusetts for the nomination of Al Smith, delivered with a better eye for showmanship than was shown elsewhere throughout the whole ruckus. Ely leaned out over the platform and peered at the crowd as best he could in the inhuman glare of the arcs. In his voice were tears; each word a salty drop that fell and shattered into tumultuous applause. The convention for the first and only time thrilled; press benches were quiet; even the organ was dumb. It was the Big Moment. And yet today that speech is as cold as a dead sardine. It was a sob story written in politics, and it got all concerned exactly nothing.

Al himself did well once he got the bile of four years ago off his stomach by means of his Newark "bigotry" speech. At Boston he slopped over as he has a way of doing, but this was veiled by his effective, though unpolished, dissertation on Republican faults. There he spoke of a "writin' feller" that he evidently had been laying for since 1928. "I would not overlook him," Al said, and he didn't. "That is my old-time friend, William Allen White, the editor of the Emporia *Gazette* out in Kansas. He is a constant well-spring of joy! He is a thing of beauty! He is the United States' more-than-generous contribution to the gayety of nations!"

Borah, Al named the "old Idaho potato," but while the chagrin of the great Borah can be easily imagined, one does not suspect that hereafter politicians will recall either with awe or merriment that a Fulton Fish Market man called an Idaho senator "old potato."

Hoover, in his later speeches, attempted prose poems to win the votes of women. They apparently had little effect upon women and their days were ended when they were printed in the next morning's paper; so I am resurrecting the dead when I quote the Presidential pæan to children:

"They are the most wholesome part of the race, the sweetest, for they are fresher from the hands of God. Whimsical, mischievous, we live a life of apprehension as to what their opinion may be of us; a life of defense against their terrifying energy; we put them to bed with a sense of relief and a lingering of devotion. We envy them the freshness of adventure and discovery of life; we mourn over the disappointments they will meet." There is no proof that either Bruce Barton or Eddie Guest wrote that passage for The Chief.

Coolidge laid aside his insurance business and came out of his New England retreat to bask before partisan applause. He delivered two addresses that were in every particular comparable to his own state papers of the dear, dead boom days. "In this campaign," Cal said, "we have heard a great deal of discussion about our material welfare. That is natural and proper because the prosperity of the people is always important, but there are other things which are even more important." Having thrown that pearl of wisdom out at listeners seen and unseen, he added another gem: "We shall recover by that long, slow process of working, saving and paying our debts." Not less than three radio listeners to my private knowledge somewhat impertinently inquired, "With what?"

If a campaign yields nothing more than good but not exceptional newspaper English, one might confidently expect that intermingled among the speeches were some composed of ridicule and some of invective that would stand out above the others. But there were only two. Henry (Himself) Field, the feed and seed man from Shenandoah, Iowa, who defeated Smith Wildman Brookhart for the Republican senatorial nomination, again resurrected the chickens that were to have been put in all the pots in 1928. He considered them as laying hens this year. He endeavored to pose the issue between Hoover, the poor Iowa orphan farm boy who made a million before he was thirty as an international mining engineer, and Roosevelt, the petted son of a millionaire country squire who learned what little he knew about farming by riding over his smooth acres in a polo coat. Field's speech, I am sorry to recount, got practically no publicity.

On the side of invective one speech topped all the rest, and for this reason came as close to being in the class of a literary product as any in the campaign. It was delivered by Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, and while even in his high, rasping voice it was telling, its potency was even greater in the reading. A Virginia gentleman, Glass began by explaining that he was going to speak with "suitable restraint," and having thus paid his dues to courtesy he proceeded to flay the tails off Hoover, Mills and Hurley in so effective a manner that those gents probably are still a bit sore.

". . . The newspapers report," Glass said, "that Secretary Hurley, of the War Department, has openly declared from the public rostrum that, should the Democratic Party succeed at the November election, 'The United States will be driven off the gold standard.' For the sake of decency, it must be hoped that Mr. Hurley did not say that. If he did say it, he was guilty of a dangerous calumny. If he did say it, he is totally unfit for official responsibility, and the President should have booted him out of office before breakfast time of the following day. Indecency, even in a political campaign, has its limitations. This alleged declaration, if made by this strutting trumpeter of the President, was not far short of treason to the country." Thus speak the men of Old Virginny when they damn a person with "suitable restraint."

"Suitable restraint" is a necessary quality in considering the speeches of another man in the campaign, Surrogate John P. O'Brien, Tammany's candidate for mayor of New York. He addressed many gatherings in that great city, and one lulu in particular is worth quoting:

"The day of a man putting aside the wife of his bosom, who has helped him make his fortune, gone through thick and thin with him, all for an interloper, is gone thanks to the estates of decedents law. I don't believe in placing paramours on pedestals and of ignoring wives. I believe in the rights of women and wives. If she's a member of the fair sex in my court, I'm always in her corner."

DRAMATIC VALUES
Par $3.00

"Music in the Air" *(Kern and Hammerstein)*—$4.00
"Goodbye Again" *(Scott and Haight)*—$2.00
"Jamboree" *(Beatty and Black)*—½c Mex.
"Biography" *(S. N. Behrman)*—$1.50
"Alice in Wonderland" *(as dramatized by LeGallienne and Friebus)*—$1.00
"Red Planet" *(Balderston and Hoare)*—1 yen
"Lucrece" *(Obey, as produced locally)*—75c
"Anybody's Game" *(Paul Barton)*—1 share Kreuger and Toll stock
"The Little Black Book" *(Harold Sherman)*—1 share ditto (counterfeit)
"Twentieth Century" *(Hecht and McArthur)*—75c

The Editors observe that the streets surrounding Rockefeller Centre, to which the Rockefeller family has contributed millions of dollars for the exaltation of song and dance vaudeville and movies, are thronged nightly with shivering, starving humanity in dire need of clothing and food.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS SERIES
No. 4

Catherine Carswell, in "The Savage Pilgrimage: A Narrative of D. H. Lawrence":

"Early in October I reviewed 'The Rainbow' for the Glasgow *Herald*. After 'Sons and Lovers' it puzzled and disappointed me. I had been expecting a masterpiece of fiction, and this did not correspond to my notions of such a thing. Neither did I understand the book. . . . No other writer could have risen to such heights or plumbed such depths, and I said so as well as I could at considerable length. But I had no grasp and found it a hard review to write."

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THE LITERARY EXILE

by LUDWIG LEWISOHN

ONCE more, in friendly but pointedly personal terms, the question is raised concerning the good or ill that may befall an American writer through a longer or shorter residence in France. Like every other question concerning human character and conduct in relation to productivity, it grows more intricate the more one knows about it, and perhaps I know too much about it to know anything that can be satisfactorily formulated at all.

It is possible to begin with the observation that the impulse of a young writer to live abroad (for an American that commonly means France) should be very severely tested. For what a young writer needs is the soil, the landscape, the humanity in which lie the roots of his being and from which his work must flower. A lyrist might isolate himself in a French village. But why not, then, in an American village? What one more commonly observes, alas, are would-be novelists cultivating on the terraces of cafés an anachronistic type of Bohemianism and mistaking gestures and antics as old as Babylon for "life." They babble about forms; they help to people the fringes of movements; they do everything except descend to the centre of their souls, which is also the centre of their folk and of the world, to find out whether the gods have chosen them. But even this error need not be corrupting and its scene, in fact, can as easily be New York as Paris. It may be holiday or interlude. Serious corruption, at all events, is from within and a young writer capable of self-discipline may find himself grow tauter through a healthy reaction from the trivial and the vulgar.

The problem of the mature writer taking up his residence for a briefer or a longer period abroad is an altogether different one. Let us suppose such a writer to have been for many years profoundly involved with all those aspects of his country's life accessible to him; let us suppose him involuntarily saturated with experience and impression and let us further suppose that the pressure of untoward circumstance, or the necessity of gaining the daily bread by the daily job, or both, have prevented him from following what seems to him his true line and from executing the works of which the dim but persistent images have followed him through the years. To such a writer, or to one in an analogous situation, residence abroad may offer for a considerable period advantages that are inestimable.

He has, first of all, the advantage of isolation. Though he watches as eagerly as ever the literary life of his own country, yet in that very eagerness there is now a definite detachment. His books must still enter that fray; he himself is withdrawn from it; its hourly echo does not trouble him; he has a better chance here, above the battle, to write what he is profoundly impelled to write, to be, as he should be and as it is so hard to be amid the kindly urgencies of American life, wholly disinterested, austere with both himself and his audience, unswayed by friendship or favor or the hope of profit. This isolation leads to concentration—concentration upon the productive self and its development. The possibility of writing a book like the last book, because the last book had a fair sale—this choice, so vitally present at home, becomes a joke or a wraith, because the forces of inner development in this detachment and isolation have become stronger than any other forces and the next and different work beckons and leads with a compelling power.

In this devotion to his work and to its inherent problems the American writer is sustained first by the example and finally by the personal encouragement of his foreign colleagues. They are all, or nearly all, accustomed to hear an inner voice and not the voice of wh , even in a better and decenter sense, the public wants. Hence they are accustomed to judge a writer's work from the points of view of personality, development and totality and not to regard, as I am afraid we do in America, each book as an isolated and so, if it is different, a puzzling and wilfully confusing thing. Now if, furthermore, time goes on and our American writer finds his books translated into many languages and finds the reviewers in all these languages, even the hostile ones, extremely aware of what he is driving at and what the inevitable line of his development is bound to be, he finally comes to believe as, in America he never dared believe, that devotion to his modest talent is a proper and a praiseworthy thing. He comes to listen only to the inner voice and is a better artist and a ruined man.

For at this point he begins to pay the penalty of every division and of every contradiction in life. He finds, as time goes still a little further on, that he is tired of this admirable European understanding of him and that, with what is deepest and a little parochial in every man, he craves from his own country, which alone seems to have a living import to him and which alone he fundamentally addresses, something which his country has not to give. And so he begins to treat with complete indifference the handsome things said about him in Marseilles and Stockholm, in Berlin and Barcelona, and opens his weekly Romeike envelope with a rueful grin over the voice he listens for and knows he will not hear.

Hence it is clear that even for a mature American writer a prolonged residence abroad has its dangers as well as its blessings. It is better for American literature than for him, better for art than for life.

I have wholly omitted the things commonly dwelt on: the park at Rambouillet, the Sahara at Bou Saâda, the *rognons à la Cassa* or Kressmann's Dry Monopole (white). . . . But the mere tourist can enjoy these. The problem of the American writer in Europe lies in another world.

APPEARANCE AND REALITY

by THEODORE DREISER

That which was crooked
Straightened.
That which was defeated
Joined
With that which was
Victorious.
And that which was beautiful
Blended
With that which was ill-planned.
To be separated
And made crooked
Or straight
Again.

SOMEWHERE back in 1913 or 1914, there appeared a critic whose work interested me greatly. It was humanly sensitive as well as æsthetic. The view was large, and the underlying natural understanding appeared to have been edged and clarified by experience—and that, perhaps, not of a happy character. Nevertheless, along with the deep understanding that springs from that sort of experience, there was a gaiety, an optimism, a high sense of beauty, and even a poetry of phrase. From time to time, I entertained the thought of writing a short note to Randolph Bourne, but for this reason and that, I never did so. Time passed, a great war began, and, somewhere in that period, I began, completed and published "A Hoosier Holiday."

In the interim, and before ever the book was published, I had a quite casual and yet very impressive experience. It was an evening in late November or December or, possibly, January. I was in the vicinity of the old Night Court that stood at Tenth Street and Sixth Avenue. It was dark, and snow was falling and, as I turned the corner at Sixth Avenue, I encountered as badly deformed and, at the moment, as I accepted it, as frightening a dwarf as I had ever seen. His body was *so* misshapen, the legs thin, the chest large, the arms long, the head sunk deep between the bony shoulders. More, the head was preternaturally large; eyes, the character of which, because of the general physical ensemble, I did not grasp at the moment. I did note, though, that the skull and even the mouth appeared to be a little askew; large ears flattened against the large skull and, on top of that, a soft hat, of what color I do not recall. Even in the snow and shadow, I could see that the clothing of the man was good.

Somehow, and just in passing, a slight chill passed through me, a chill born of what notions or sentiments within the depths of myself I may not say. But so it was. And just in this passing, as I noted to myself afterward—just as afterward I asked myself why—I recoiled, perhaps moved aside a foot or two, and went on. Also, afterward, although I never expected to see the man again, I reproached myself for having done so. Why should the fumbling hand of nature frighten or irritate me? And why, instead of recoiling, should not sympathy and understanding be the first sentiments to spring into mind, and so control one's emotions? But what had been, had been, and I sought to dismiss the incident from mind, hoping that I had done no real harm. By degrees, it did pass from my thoughts.

It was in 1915 or 1916 that I published "A Hoosier Holiday," and, shortly after that, not more than a few months, there was a knock on my studio door one late afternoon, and when I went and opened it, there stood this same dwarf. I recognized him instantly, and perhaps the more because of encountering him a second time, and this time on my own threshold, I again recoiled, affected by some accursed prejudice of which I am heartily ashamed, and was then. None the less, he surveyed me now with what I saw to be large, clear and impressive blue eyes, and announced himself. He was Randolph Bourne, and asked if he might speak to me. When I realized who it was, and that this was the man to whom I had once thought of writing, I experienced a veritable tremor of regret. So this was the body that contained the mind which I so much admired, and this was the way I had twice ackrowledged that mind on account of the body!

I did my best to make such social amends as I could, offered him a chair by the fire, prepared a drink, and began volubly to speak of how much his work had impressed me, how much I rejoiced in the beauty and understanding I found in it, how really proud I was that he had come to my door.

In an elfish way which was a condition of his frame and not of his mind, he sat hunched in the chair I had given him, one knee crossed over the other, and continued to look at me with eyes which now were about all that I could see. And, somehow, chemism, mysticism, deeps upon deeps of undecipherable life affecting me, the dwarfed body had by now as completely vanished as though it had never been and, in its place, was a mind, strong, tender, discerning. A mind that had suffered and had learned through suffering. It was truly a beautiful hour that he made for me.

We talked of America and the social and mental phases of our people as presented not only by "A Hoosier Holiday," of which he had come to speak, but also of his own life and experiences. He had never been poor, he said. His family connections had been of the best. He had attended Harvard or Yale or Princeton, I forget which. But there were the frustrations which the nature of his body had more or less forced upon him, and these, of course, had taught him so much more than could any college. Frankly, and because of them, he understood me and my work, and had come to say so. We passed into a warm, sympathetic understanding, and then, strangely enough, I saw before me and ever afterward, not a dwarf at all, but a tall, strong, powerful man, whose body matched the fine mind that occupied it.

It is an absolute truth that, look at him as I might, I never again saw him as I had first seen him. I could not. Be he where he might—and I encountered him on various occasions, usually with the most interesting or attractive men and women—I could only sense him as a major mind encased in a minor body, but which last, in its turn, was again encased in a larger one that walked with him, took its time from his own, and perfected the figure which, for some mystifying reason, I envisioned. And then one of the things I said to myself was, how wonderful it was that mind, the essential constructive force that occupies the body, could perform this miracle, not only for me but for all the others who knew him. For, when I encountered him once in a restaurant, he was entertaining the editors of two of the principal weeklies of the country. And another time, under similar circumstances, I saw him the centre of the enthusiastic interest of three as youthful and attractive girls as one would wish to see. And yet another time, when I took tea with him in his own bachelor quarters, I found the service of the place in charge of as engaging a type as the most fastidious male might require. He was not lacking for attention on that score and, better yet, as I felt in at least two cases, it was based on sure appreciation of his real worth.

But not so long after that, word was brought to me that he was seriously ill, and likely to die, as he did. The moment I had the news, I hastened to his door, but at the time he was too ill to be seen. I then sat down and wrote a letter, reciting my appreciation of his friendship, his character and his critical worth, hoping that before he died, if he did, he might read it.

For some reason, I had slightly misdirected the letter, and it was only after he had been dead some time that the letter was returned to me by the post office, and I realized that the strongest and best impulse in me in regard to him and his friendship had failed of its mark.

That which was crooked
Straightened.
That which was defeated
Joined
With that which was
Victorious.
And that which was beautiful
Blended
With that which was ill-planned.
To be separated
And made crooked
Or straight
Again.

THE SYNDICATE RACKET

(*Continued from Page 2, Col. 5*)

would cost the author if he had it done himself, which is four or five times what the "horsetrader" pays. Furthermore, the author has no check on the actual sales—he must accept the "horsetrader's" report. If the author discovers his stuff in a paper not reported, he is told that it was thrown in a budget service, from which no further income is derived, with the idea of giving his feature wider popularity and more sales later on.

In spite of these handicaps, a new feature comes through now and then. If it does, other syndicates try to get it away from the original promoter. Failing to steal the feature, they get hack-writers to turn out something similar, "something just as good." Thus, when the platitudinous Dr. Frank Crane became popular with the unthinking mass who like to be told that two and two are four, six or eight other moral talks appeared in the syndicate field. Even old Doc Crane attempted to imitate himself by writing for another syndicate a daily series of essays by "John Brown." The manager of the syndicate which had an exclusive contract for Dr. Crane's work recognized "John Brown" as the benign old Doc and, when he asked the reverend gentleman to come out from behind the bushes, the Doc pleaded that his stenographer wrote the "John Brown" stuff. However, he was told that "John Brown" would have to be buried again.

When a syndicate steals away a rival feature, it is called raiding. So offensive did raiding become a few years ago—because, if successful, it always means increased costs to the newspapers—that four of the leading syndicates made a secret agreement not to raid one another. Did they stop raiding? Not all of them. It was a simple matter, for example, for the "horsetrader" to have a subsidiary syndicate do the raiding. If faced with the non-raiding agreement, the "horsetrader" could show his lily-white hands and disclaim any responsibility for what his foolish half-brother had done.

Of course, the raiding of syndicates outside of the Big Four continues freely in the open. The "horsetrader" keeps a record of *all* important syndicate contracts with authors and artists. He is a shrewd spider and spreads an attractive web offering ten percent more than the desired feature then produces. He sings increased distribution and income. Another syndicate having paid all expenses of selling the feature, the "horsetrader" could well take much less than forty percent and still make a nice profit. Another method of defeating the new writer or artist is to take his work on under a nom-de-plume owned by the syndicate. When he wants more money he may be let out and a hack taken on to continue the work.

Of course, there are honest syndicates, and none will admit to being dishonest. The "horsetrader," who knows it is easier to steal ideas than to invent them, will tell you he is not in business for his health. But then neither is the burglar.

BIBLE PRINTING

by EDWARD REMINGTON AMES

IT is obvious that the true meaning of the subject-matter can be transmitted to the mind of the reader, through the medium of the printed page, only to the extent that the printed form presents the truth. In this aspect, a study of the subject of Bible printing is of value, in that a lack of uniformity in the printed form is found to attend a corresponding difference in meaning. Admitting that the meaning is of principal importance, it follows that a lack of truth must be the logical result of a lack of uniformity in printing.

As an illustration, let us examine the printing at Deuteronomy 6:4, 5 as it appears in the Authorized Version:

> "Hear, O Israel: The LORD *our* God *is* one LORD: And thou shalt love the LORD thy God with all thine heart," etc.

Here the title "LORD" occurs three times, printed in small capitals, indicating that the personal name appears in the original Hebrew Scriptures. As no prefatory note explaining the substitution of title for name is supplied in the Authorized Version, the printing is here considered as it stands before the eye of the reader.

Now let us examine the printing of this same citation, when it is transposed, in a quotation, to the Authorized New Testament. At Mark 12:29, 30 it appears.

> "And Jesus answered him, The first of all the commandments *is*, Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," etc.

Here the reader is asked to note how the printed form "LORD", as used in the Old Testament (printed in small capitals), has been changed to "Lord" (printed with a capital "L" and small "ord"). In passing, it should be mentioned that this change in printing applies not only to this particular Old Testament quotation, but also to dozens of others that occur throughout the New Testament.

The reader can plainly see that there is a lack of uniformity in the printing of this citation as it appears in the Old and New Testaments. Our next interest is to note whether there is a corresponding difference in meaning.

There is no controversy regarding who is the God of the Old Testament; from the first verse of Genesis to the last verse of Malachi He is the One who goes by the personal name of Jehovah. But to those who call themselves Christians, Jehovah is generally regarded as only the God of the Jews. The "God" of Christendom is nameless; the title "God" is used as a name in place of a personal name.

Accordingly, when the orthodox Christian reads in the New Testament: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," it is not Jehovah but an entirely different "God" that he conjures up in his mind. But suppose the word "LORD" had been printed in small capitals in the New Testament exactly as it appears in the Old Testament; what would have been the effect?

The reader would naturally read the Old Testament meaning into the quotation. But it should be borne in mind that the printers of the Authorized New Testament were up against the barrier of the Trinity. The Trinity doctrine depends for its existence upon the idea that Jehovah and Jesus are either the same or equal with each other. According to printers' ethics, a larger or more conspicuous type is used when it is desired to attach greater importance to one person than to another. Therefore, had the printers used the form "LORD" in the quoted passages, and the form "Lord" to apply to Jesus in the main body of the text, it would have been apparent to the reader that there are two separate and distinct Lords, and further, that one is greater than the other.

This uniformity in the printed presentation of the two Lords would have revealed the truth to the reader that Jehovah is not only the one true God of the Old Testament, but that He alone is also the one true God of the New Testament. As it happened, a misleading style of printing was used to conceal this truth from the reader. It can now be seen that the printers hid the truth by presenting Jehovah and Jesus under the same printed form "Lord" in conformity with their dogmatic trinitarian or equality idea.

For the purpose of this discussion, only one commonly-held title has been considered. Other titles held in common by Jehovah and Jesus and printed in the same form, are: "King", "Saviour", "God", etc. In the future, in fairness to the reader, the New Testament will have to print these titles in a manner that will differentiate between their ownership. This could easily be done by printing in capitals those titles belonging to Jehovah and by printing in the ordinary manner the titles that belong to Jesus. There are over two hundred cases in which the title "Lord" applies to Jehovah in the New Testament.

What will be the effect of this change in printing? Undoubtedly it will cause a furore throughout the world of Christendom; it will put the star of the God Jehovah in the ascendency. For many centuries devout Jews have been looking forward to the time when their own God would be acclaimed by all mankind as the one above all others. The setting up of Jehovah as the Supreme God through the medium of the New Testament, properly printed, would appear to be a paradoxical dénouement from the Jewish viewpoint.

The truth—the only avenue open to freedom—has been obscured because the New Testament has been printed improperly, that is, in such a manner as to conceal the name and identity of the true God. The proper printing of the New Testament is a problem which must demand future attention. It might logically result in doing away with the entire system of religion known as Christianity.

Whatever changes in meaning may result from the use of distinctive typography should be welcomed by Biblical scholars, since they portend a radical change in theological concepts. These printed changes, in conformity with the truth, will undoubtedly have a far-reaching effect for the common good.

DEATH AT 5:45 P. M.

(*Continued from Page 1, Col. 3*)

soured the young man in Tours. He'll get over it. You enjoyed yourself at the *corrida* with Mr. Hemingway?

The Old Lady: Yes indeed! A bullfight is such an amusing parody of society triumphing over the individual that I was much entertained, and Mr. Hemingway's monologues on syphilis and the like filled up the intervals soothingly. Let us now discuss Mr. Hemingway's digression on art in his extraordinary book. He—

Madame, your job is to ask me simple-minded questions and to—

The Old Lady: Stow it, you duffer! Mr. Hemingway tells the cockeyed world on page 203 that only El Greco, of the three great Spanish painters, believed in Christ. In the case of Goya he demonstrates this non-belief by pointing out that Goya's Christ crucified is a dud. This does not seem to prove anything more than that Goya was not interested in the subject. There is feeling in Goya's painting of Christ betrayed by Judas, and his picture of Christ praying in the Garden of Olives is a—a moment of truth. Goya certainly cared for the beaten man on his knees in the night, and painted him with compassion. F. J. Sanchez Cantón, who is not a fool, has poked some questions at the legend of Goya's agnosticism and suggests that he said his prayer to the Virgin after finishing the most hopeless of the "Disasters Of War." Irreligion in Spain is a complicated topic. Mr. Hemingway assures us that, "Goya was like Stendhal; the sight of a priest could stimulate either of those good anticlericals into a rage of production." H'm! The sight of a Franciscan once stimulated Goya into producing the last fine ecclesiastical portrait known to me. There may be malice in the portrait of the Cardinal de Borbón, but the portrait of the priest Llorente is witty and flatters its subject. The "Communion of Saint Joseph de Calasanz" is gentle and reverent, and in 1827 one finds the priest-baiter sketching a monk with romantic sweetness.

Goya was very old in 1827, madam, and—

The Old Lady: Shut up! Having said what is a little dubious, Mr. Hemingway goes on to say what is absurd. He asserts that Saint Sebastian is *universally* represented in art as queer—androgynous, a female structure. The standard Sebastian of early Christian art is the seventh century figure in San Pietro in Vincoli, at Rome, a plain, bearded man, fully clad, and without an arrow to his name. He was that way into the thirteenth century. Then they began to plug in arrows, to strip him, to emaciate him and, sometimes, to give him a female head. His grand lizzification occurred in Italy, of course. But if Mr. Hemingway ever studies art, he'll be surprised by the number of male Sebastians. A lot of Germans never heard the dirt about the boy. Dürer's etched Sebastian looks like a middle-aged blacksmith. Grünewald's painting at Colmar is no more androgynous than a corner hydrant. Leonardo's sketch at Hamburg shows a wiry kid ready to bite the next arrow. And if Mr. Hemingway finds anything queer in Titian's husky Sebastian at Brescia it's because he sees pansies where most people see potatoes.

Can I speak now, madam?

The Old Lady: No! Mr. Hemingway presently says that Goya "did not believe in costume." Tosh! To see a quantity of Goya's paintings, as we did at the memorial show in Madrid, in '28, is to be irritated by his insistence on costume. He had a peasant's interest in finery. He broke off a business letter in 1810 to brag of painting a lady in a "most precious mantilla" and there it is, on Isobel Cobos de Orcel, and a swell time Goya had with it! He can do tricks with cloth; he uses rags and sheets and strings for emphasis. He binds the sentimental substructure of the "Madhouse" by that ribbon slung around the naked waist of the lunatic and indicates angry pride, in the "Disparate Furioso," by the set of a shirt. But he obliterated the Countess of Chinchón by falling in love with her frock, and the portrait of Fernan-Nuñez is a hymn to an *incroyable* hat and a swanky cloak. Goya is a layer cake—the bully *aficionado*, the arrogant country boy who has made good, the opportunist preacher on war, after the event, the masterly designer, the cheap rural moralist scolding old hags for rouge and diamonds, the great journalist of painting, the dyspeptic snob and the enthusiast for fluffy white pups, children's lace collars, Asensi's dressing gown, and the Marquis of Saint Adrian's pants. Stick around with the hard guy from Fuendetodos for ten years and you begin to wonder what he believed in at all.—If you have anything to say, say it!

Madam, you have left me speechless.

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